POËTICA STROMATA

OR

A COLLECTION

OF

SUNDRY PEICES

IN

POETRY:

Drawne by the known and approued
Hand of

R. C. Rt. Corbet.

ANNO 1648.

A Table of the Heads in this
POEM.

A *Letter to the Duke of Buckingham.*	Page 1
To Sr. Thomas Ailesbury.	7
To the Lord Mordant.	11
A New yeares Gift, to my Lorde Duke of Buckingham.	23
Vpon an Vnhandsome Gentlewoman who loved him.	25
A Poeme upon the Cambridge Play before King Iames.	29
Iter Boreale.	39
To the New-borne Prince.	67
On the birth of the young Prince Charles.	69
The distracted Puritane.	71
Vpon Fairesord Windowes.	77
In quendam Anniversariorum Scriptorem.	79
In Poetam exauctoratum & emeritum.	81
On Christ-church play at Woodstock.	83
To the Ladyes of the New Dresse.	85
To the Ghost of Robert Wisdome.	87
A Poeme upon Tom Coriatts Crudities.	89
A proper new Ballad Cald the faeryes farewell.	91

An

An Exhortation to Mr. Iohn Hammon. 97
An Elegy upon the death of Queene Anne. 103
An Elegie upon the death of the Lady Haddington. 107
On the Lady Arabella. 113
An Elegie of Dr. Ravis Byshop of London. 115
An Elegye upon the death of his owne Father. 117
On Mr. Rice the Manciple of Christchurch in Oxford. 121

FINIS.

ON

Mr. RICE the Manciple

OF

CHRIST-CHURCH

In Oxford.

WHo can doubt *Rice* but to th' Eternall place
Thy soule is fledd, that did but know thy face?
Whose body was soe light, it might have gone
To Heav'ne without a Resurrection.
Indeed thou wert all *Type*; thy Limmes were signes,
Thy Arteryes but *Mathematicke lines*:
As if *two soules* had made thy compound good,
That both should live by *faith*, and none by *blood*.

FINIS.

TO THE READER.

READER:

I Heere offer to thy view, a Collection of certaine peices of poetry, which haue *flowne* from hand to hand, theſes many yeares, in *private* papers, but were neuer *Fixed*, for the *publique* eie of the world to looke upon, til now. If that *witt* which runnes iu euery veyne of them, ſeeme ſome what *out of faſhion*, becauſe tis neither *amorous* nor *obſcene*. Thou muſt remember, that the Author, although ſcarſe a *Diuine* when many of them were written, had not onely ſo *Maſculine* but euen ſo *modeſt* a witt alſo, that He would lett nothing fall from his pen but, what He himſelfe might owne, and neuer bluſh, when he

was a *Bishop*; little Imagining the Age would euer come, when his Calling should prooue more out of Fashion then his *wits* could. As concerning any thing else to be added in commendation of the Author, I shall neuer thinke of it; For, as for those men, who did *knowe him*, or euer *heard* of him, They need none of *my good opinion*: And, As for those who *knew him not*, and, neuer so much as *heard of him* I am Sure, He needs none of *Yours*.

Farewell.

A LETTER

A

LETTER

To the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, being with the PRINCE in SPAINE.

SIR:

I'Ve read of Ilands floating, and remov'd
In *Ovids* time, but never heard it prov'd
Till now: that Fable, by the *Prince* and *you*,
By your transporting *England*, is made true.
Wee are not where wee were; the *Dog-ſtarr* raignes
No cooler in our Climate, then in *Spaines*;
The ſelfe ſame breath, ſame ayre, ſame heate, ſame burning
Is here, as there; will be, till your returning:

Come, e're the Card be alter'd, leſt perhaps
Your ſtay may make an Errour in our mapps:
Leſt *England* ſhould be found, when you ſhall paſſe
A thouſand miles more Southward then it was.
Oh that you were (my Lord), oh that you were
Now in *Blackfryers* in a diſguis'd haire;
That you were *Smith* againe, two houres to bee
In *Paules* next Sunday, at full Sea at three:
There you ſhould heare the Legend of each day,
The perills of your Inne, and of your way;
Your enterpriſes, accidents, untill
You did arrive at Court, and reach *Madrill*.
There you ſhould heare, how the State-Grandees
flout you,
With their twice-double diligence about you;
How our environ'd *Prince* walkes with a guard
Of Spaniſh Spies, and his owne Servants barr'd;
How not a Chaplaine of his owne may ſtay,
When hee would heare a Sermon preach'd,
or pray.
You would be hungry, having din'd, to heare

The

The price of victuailes, and the ſcarcity, there:
As if the *Prince* had ventur'd there his life
To make a *famine*, not to fetch a *wife*.
Your eggs (which might be addle too) are deare
As Engliſh Capons; Capons as Sheepe, here.
No graſſe neither for Cattle; for they ſay,
It is not cutt and made, graſſe there growes Hay:
That 'tis ſoe ſeething hott in Spaine, they ſweare,
They never heard of a raw oyſter there.
Your cold meate comes in reaking; and your wine
Is all *burnt*-ſack, the fire was in the Vine.
Item, your Pullets are diſtinguiſth't there
Into foure *quarters*, as wee carve the yeare,
And are a weeke a waſting: Munday noone
A wing; at ſupper ſomething with a ſpoone;
Tueſday a legg, and ſoe forth: Sunday more,
The Liver and a Gizard betweene foure.
And for your mutton, in the beſt houſhoulder
Tis felony to cheapen a whole ſhoulder.
Lord! how our ſtomackes come to us againe',
When wee conceive what ſnatching is in *Spaine*;

I, whilſt I write, and doe the newes repeate;
Am for't to call for breakfaſt in; and eate.
And doe you wonder at the dearth the while?
The Flouds, that make it, run in th' middle Ile,
Poets of *Paules*, thoſe of Duke *Humfryes* meſſe,
That feede on nought but graves, and emptineſſe.
But heark you (*noble Sir*) in one croſſe weeke
My Lord hath loſt a thowſand pound at gleeke.
And though they doe allow but *little* meate,
They are content your loſſes ſhould be *great*.
Falſe on my *Deanery*! falſer, then your fare is;
Or then your difference with *Cond' de Olivares*;
Which was reported ſtrongly for one tyde,
But, after ſix houres floating, ebb'd, and dyde.
If God would not this great deſigne ſhould be
Perfect, and round without ſome knavery;
Nor that our *Prince* ſhould end this Enterprize;
But for ſoe many miles, ſoe many lyes;
If for a good event, the Heav'ns doe pleaſe
Mens tongues ſhould become rougher then the Seas;

And that th' expence of Paper ſhall be ſuch;
Firſt *written*, then *tranſlated out of Dutch*:
Corantoes, *Diets*, *Packets*, *Newes*, *more Newes*,
Which ſoe much innocent whiteneſſe doth abuſe;
If firſt the *Belgicke Piſmire* muſt be ſeene,
Before the Spaniſh *Lady* be our *Queene*;
With ſuch ſucceſſe, and ſuch an end at laſt,
All's wellcome, pleaſant, gratefull, that is paſt.
And ſuch an end wee pray that you ſhould ſee,
A Type of that, which mother *Zebedee*
Wiſht for her ſonnes in heav'n; The *Prince* and *You*
At either hand of *Iames*, (You need not ſue)
Hee on the right, *you* on the left, the King
Safe in the mid'ſt, you both invironing.
Then ſhall I tell my Lord, his word, and band
Are forfeit, till I kiſſe the Princes hand;
Then ſhall I tell the Duke, Your Royall Friend
Gave all the other Honours, this You *earn'd*;
This you have wrought for, this you hammer'd out

Like a ſtrong *Smith*, good workman and a ſtout.
In this I have a part, In this I ſee
Some new addition ſmiling npon mee:
Who, in an humble diſtance, claime a ſhare
In all your greatneſſe, what ſoe ere you are.

TO

TO

Sr. THOMAS AILESBURY,

upon occaſion of the laſt

BLAZING

Starre.

MY Brother, and much more had'ſt thou bin mine,
Had'ſt thou in one rich preſent with a line
Incloſ'd Sir. *Francis*, (for of all thy Store
No Guift could coſt thee *leſſe* or binde mee more)
Had'ſt thou (*deare Charle*) imparted his returne,
I ſhould not with a tardy welcome burne,
But had let looſe my ioy at him long ſince,
Which now will ſeeme but STUDIED NEGLIGENCE,
But, I forgive thee; two things keep thee from it,
Firſt ſuch a *friend* to gaze on, then a *Comet*.

Which Comett wee discerne (though not soe true
As you of *Sion*) as long-tayl'd as you.
Wee know allready how will stand the case
With *Barnavelt*, and Universall Grace;
Though *Spayne* deserves the whole Starr, if the fall
Be true of *Lermas* Duke, and Cardinall:
Marry, in *Fraunce* wee feare noe *bloud*, but *wine*;
Lesse danger's in her *Sword*, then in her *Vine*.
And thus wee leave the Leaguer comming over,
For our portents are wise, and end at *Dover*.
And though wee use noe forward censuring
Nor send our learned Proctors to the King;
Yet every morning, when the Starre doth rise,
There is no *black* for three howers in our *Eyes*:
But, like a *Puritan* Dreamer, to this light
All *eyes* turne *upward*, all are *Zeale* and *White*.
More, it is doubtfull too, this Prodigye
'Twill turne ten Schooles to one *Astronomy*;
For the ANALYSIS wee iustly feare,
Since every Art doth seeke for rescue there:
Physitians, Lawyers, Glovers on the Stall,

The

The Shopp-keepers ſpeak *Mathematiques*, all.
And though wee read noe Goſpell in the Signes,
Yet all Profeſſions are turn'd Divines.
All weapons from the *Bodkin* to the *Pike*,
The Maſons *Rule*, the Taylors *Yard* alike
Take *Altitudes*; and th' early Fidling Knaves
Of Fluites, and Hoe-boyes, make them *Iacobs-ſtaves*.
Laſtly, of fingers glaſſes wee contrive,
And every Fiſt is made a Perſpective.
Burton to *Gunter* writes, and *Burton* heares
From *Gunter*, and exchaunge both tongue & eares
By carriage; thus *Guy* iniur'd doth complaine
His waggon in their letters beares *Charles-waine*;
Charles-waine, to which they ſay the tayle doth reach;
And at this diſtance they both heare & teach.
Now, for the peace of God and men, adviſe,
Thou; who haſt wherewithall to make us wiſe,
By thy rich Studyes, and heroicke Minde,

In which there is noe droſſe, but all refin'd.
O! tell us what to truſt too; ere wee waxe
All ſtiffe and ſtupid with this Paralax.
Say, ſhall the old Philoſophy be true?
Or doth' He ride above the Moone, thinke you?
Is hee a Meteor fixed by the Sunne?
Or a FIRST BODY by Creation?
Hath this ſame *Starr* bin obiect of the wonder
Of our Fore-fathers? ſhall the *ſame* come under
The ſentence of our Nephewes? write and ſend,
Or elſe this *starr*, a quarrell doth *portend*.

TO

TO
THE LORD
MORDANT
upon his returne from the North.

MY Lord, I doe confeſſe, at the firſt newes
Of your returne towards home, I did refuſe
To viſit you, for feare the Northerne Winde
Had peirc't into your Manners and your Minde,
For feare you might want memory to forget
Some Arts of *Scotland*, which might haunt you yet.
But when I knew you were, and when I heard
You were at Woodſtock ſeene, well ſunn'd,
& air'd,
That your contagion in you now was ſpent,
And you were iuſt, Lord *Mordant*, as you went,
I then reſolv'd to come; and did not doubt

To

To be *in* ſeaſon, though the *Bucke* were *out*.
Windſor, the place; the day was *Holy roode*;
St. *George* my Muſe: for be it underſtood,
For all St. *George* more early in the yeare
Broke faſt and eat a bitt, hee dined, here:
And though in *Aprill* in redd *Inke* he ſhine,
Know twas *September* made him redd with *wine*.
To this good ſport rod *I*; as being allow'd
To *ſee* the King, and *cry him*, in the crowd:
And at all ſolemne Meetings have the grace
To thruſt, and to be trodde on, by my place.
Where when, I came, I ſaw the Church beſett
With tumults, as if all the *Brethren* mett
To heare ſome ſilenc't *Teacher* of that quarter
Inveigh againſt the *Order of the Garter*:
And iuſtly might the weake it grieve, & wrong,
Becauſe the *Garter* prayes in a *ſtrange tongue*;
And doth retaine *Traditions* yet, of *Fraunce*,
In an old *Honi Soit Qui Maly Penſe*.

Whence, learne you *Knights*, that *Order* that have t'ane,

That

That all, beſides the *Buckle*, is *profane*.
But there was noe ſuch doctrine now at ſtake;
Noe ſtarv'd preciſian from the pulpit ſpake.
And yet the Church was full: all ſorts of men;
Religions, Sexes, Ages, were there then.
Whils't he that keepes the Quire together locks
Papiſts and *Puritans*, the *Pope*, and *Knox*;
Which made ſome Wiſe-Ones feare, that love our Nation,
This mixture would beget a *Toleration*:
Or that Religions ſhould united bee,
When *They* ſtay'd *Service*, *Theſe*, the *Letany*.
But noe ſuch haſt; this dayes devotion lyes
Not in the *Hearts* of men, but in their *Eyes*:
They that doe *See* St. *George*, *heare* him, aright;
For hee loves not to *parly*, but to *fight*.
Amongſt this audience (*my Lord*) ſtood I,
Well edified as any that ſtood by,
And knew how many leggs a *Knight* letts fall
Betwixt the *King*, the *Offering* and his *ſtall*.
Aske mee but of their *Robes*, I ſhall relate

The

The colour, and the fashion and the state.
I saw, too the Procession without doore,
What the *poore-Knightes*, & what the *Prebends* wore.
All this my Neighbors that stood by mee tooke,
Who div'd but to the garment, and the looke,
But I saw more; and though I have their fate
In face and favour, yet I want their pate.
Mee thought I then did those first Ages know
Which brought forth *Knightes*, soo arm'd, & looking soe;
Who would maintaine their Oath, & bind their worde
With these two Seales, an *Altar* and a *Sworde*.
Then saw I *George* new-Sainted, when such *Preists*
Wore him not only *on*, but *in* their breasts.
Oft did I wish that day, with solemne vow,
O! that my Country were in danger now!
And twas no treason: who could feare to dye,
When he was sure his rescue was so nigh?
And here I might a iust digression make,
Whilst of some foure particular *Knightes* I spake;

To

To whome I owe my thankes : but twere not beſt,
By prayſing Two or Three, t' accuſe the reſt.
Nor can I ſing that Order, or thoſe Men,
That are aboue the maiſtery of my pen:
And private fingers may not touch thoſe things
Whoſe authors Princes are, whoſe parents Kings.
Wherefore unburnt I will refraine that fire;
Leaſt, daring ſuch a theame, I ſhould aſpire
T'include my King and Prince; and ſoe rehearſe
Names fitter for my *Prayer*, then my *Verſe*:
„ Hee that will ſpeake of *Princes*, let him uſe
„ More grace then witt, know *God's* aboue his *Muſe*.
Noe more of councell: harke, the trumpetts ſound,
And the grave *Organ's* with the *Antheme* drown'd:
The Church hath ſaid *Amen* to all their rites,
And now the *Troian* Horſe ſets looſe his *Knightes*:
The Triumph moues. O what could added bee,
Save your acceſſe, to this Solemnitye?
Which I expect, and doubt not but to ſee't,
When the Kings *favour* and your *worth* ſhall meete.
I thinke the *robes* would now become you ſoe,

St. *George*

St. *George* himſelfe could ſcarce his owne *Knights* know
From the Lord *Mordant*. Pardon mee that preach
A doctrine, which King *Iames* can only teach:
To whome I leaue you, who alone hath right
To make Knightes, *Lords*, & then a Lord, a *Knight*,
Imagine now the Sceane lyes in the Hall;
(For at high noone, wee are *Recuſants* all)
The Church is *empty*, as the *bellyes* were
Of the Spectators, which had languiſh't there:
And now the Favorites of the *Clarke of th' Checke*,
Who oft haue yaun'd and Strech't out many a Neck
Twixt noone and morning; the dull feeders on
Freſh *patience*, and *Raiſins* of the *Sunne*;
They, who had liv'd in th' hall ſeaven houres at leaſt;
As if twere an Arraignment, not a Feaſt;
And look't ſoe like the Hangings they ſtood nere,
None could diſcerne which the true *Pictures* were;
Theſe now ſhall be refreſh't; while the bold Drumme

Strikes

Strikes up his frollick, through the hall They come.
Here might I end, my Lord, and here ſubſcribe
Your Honours to his power: but oh, what bribe,
What feare or mulct can make my Muſe refraine,
When ſhee is urg'd of Nature and Diſdaine?
Not all the *Guard* ſhall hold mee: I muſt write,
Though they ſhould ſweare and *lye* how they would *fight*,

If I procede: nay, though the *Captaine* ſay,
Hold him, or elſe you ſhall not *Eate to day*:
Thoſe goodly Yeomen ſhall not ſcape my pen;
T'was dinner time, and I muſt ſpeake of men.
So to the Hall made I, with little care
To praiſe the diſhes, or to taſt the fare;
Much leſſe t' endanger the leaſt *Tart*, or *Pye*
By any Waiter there ſtolne, or ſett by:
But to compute the valew of the meate,
Which was for Glory, not for Hunger eate.
Nor did I feare (*ſtand back*) Who went before
The Preſence or the Privy chamber doore.
And woe is mee, the *Guard*, thoſe Men of warre,

Who but two weapons uſe, *Beiſe*, and the *Barre*,
Began to gripe mee; knowing not in truth,
That I had ſung *Iohn Dory*, in my youth;
Or that I knew the day when I could chaunt
Chevy, and *Arthur*, and the *Seige of Gaunt*.
And though theſe be the vertues which muſt try
Who are moſt worthy of their curteſy,
They profited mee nothing: for no Notes
Will move them now; they're *deafe*, in their *new Coates*.

Wherefore on mee afreſh they fall, and ſhow
Themſelves more active then before; as though
They had ſome wager lay'd, and did contend
Who ſhould abuſe mee furtheſt, at armes end.
One I remember with a griſly beard,
And better growne then any of the Heard;
One, were he well examin'd, and made looke
His Name in his owne Pariſh and Church booke,
Could hardly prove his Chriſtendome; and yet
It ſeem'd he had two names: for there were writt,
On a white canvaſſe doublett that he wore,

Two

Two capitall letters of a name before;
Letters belike which hee had ſpew'd and ſpilt,
When the great *Bumbard* leak't, or was a tilt.
This *Ironſide* tooke hold, and Sodainly
Hurled mee, by iudgment of the ſtanders by,
Some twelve foote by the ſquare; takes mee againe
Out-throwes it halfe a bar: & thus wee twaine
At this hot exerciſe an hower had ſpent;
Hee the feirce *Agent*, I the *Inſtrument*.
My man began to rage, but I cryd peace;
When he is *dry* or *hungry*, he will ceaſe:
Hold for the Lords ſake *Nicholas*, leſt they take us,
And uſe us worſe, then *Hercules* us'd *Cacus*.
And now I breath, my Lord, now have I time
To tell the cauſe, and to confeſſe the crime;
I was in black; a *Scholler* ſtraite they gueſt;
Indeed I *colour'd* for it at the leaſt.
I ſpake them faire, deſir'd to ſee the Hall,
And gave them *reaſons* for it, This was all;
By which I learne, it is a maine offence,
So neere the *Clark of th' Check* to utter ſenſe.

Talk of your Emblemes, Maiſters; and relate
How *AEſope* hath it, and how *Alciate*;
The Cock & Pearle, the Dunghill and the Iemme;
This paſſeth all to talke ſence amongſt them.
Much more good ſervice was committed yet,
Which I in ſuch a tumult muſt forget;
But ſhall I ſmother that prodigious fitt,
Which paſs'd *Heons* invention, and pure witt?
As this; A nimble Knave, but ſomething fatt,
Strikes at my head, and fairly ſteales my hatt:
Another breakes a ieſt, (well *Windſor* well,
What will enſue thereof there's none can tell;
When They *ſpend* witt, *ſerve* God) yet twas not much;
Although the clamours and applauſe were ſuch,
As when ſalt *Archy* or *Garret* doth provoke them,
And with wide *laughter* and a *cheat-loafe* choake them.
What was the Ieſt doe you aske? I dare repeate it,
And put it home before you ſhall entreat it;
He call'd me *Oxford* man. Confeſſe I muſt

'Twas

'Twas bitter, and it griev'd mee, in a thruſt
That moſt ungratefull word (*Bloxford*) to heare
From him, whoſe breath yet ſtunk of *Oxford* beere:
But let it paſſe; for I have now paſsd throw
Their *Halberds*, and worſe weapons, their *Teeth*, too:
And of a worthy Officer was invited
To dine, who all their rudenes hath requited:
Where wee had mirth and meat, & a large board
Furniſh't with all the Kitchin could afford.
But to conclude, to wipe of from before yee
All this which is noe better then a ſtory;
Had this affront bin done mee by command
Of noble *Fenton*; had their *Captaines* hand
Directed them to this; I ſhould beleive
I had no cauſe to ieaſt, but much to greive:
Or had diſcerning *Pembrooke* ſeene this done,
And thought it well beſto'wd; I would have run
Where no good man had dwelt, nor learn'd; would fly,
Where noe *Diſeaſe* would keepe mee Company,
Where it ſhould be Preferment to endure

To teach a *Schoole*, or elſe to ſtarve a *Cure*.
But as it ſtands, the *Perſons*, and the *Cauſe*
Conſider well, their *manners* and their *lawes*,
Tis no affliction to mee: for even thus
Saint *Paul* hath fought with *Beaſts* at *Epheſus*,
And I at *Windſor*. Let this comfort then
Reſt with all able and deſerving men:
Hee that will pleaſe the Guard, and not provoke
Court-witts, muſt ſuite his *Learning* by a *Cloake*.
„ For at all Feaſts and Maſques the Doome hath
„ bin,
„ A Man thruſt out, and a Gay Cloake let in.

Quid immerentes hoſpites vexas canis,
Ignarus adverſus lupos?

A NEW-

A NEW-YEARES GIFT, To my Lorde Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WHen I can pay my Parents, or my King,
For life, or peace, or any dearer thing:
Then, *Dearest Lord*, expect my debt to you
Shall bee as truly paid, as it is due.
But, as no other price, or recompence
Serves them, but love, and my obedience:
So nothing payes my *Lord*, but whats above
The reach of hands, 'tis Vertue, and my love.
„ For, when as goodnesse doth so overflow,
„ The conscience bindes not to restore, but owe:
Requitall were presumption; and you may
Call mee ungratefull, while I strive to pay.
Nor with a morall lesson doe I shift,
Like one that meant to save a better gift;

Like *very* poore, or *counterfeite* poore men,
Who to preſerve their *Turky*, or their *hen*,
Doe offer up *themſelves*: No, I have ſent
A kind of guiſt, will *laſt* by being *ſpent*,
Thankes *Sterling*: far above the *Bullion* rate
Of horſes, hangings, iewells, or of plate.
O you that know the chooſing of that One,
Know a true *Diamond* from a *Briſtow ſtone*;
You know thoſe men alwaies are not the beſt
In their intent, that lowdeſt can proteſt:
But that a *Prayer* from the Convocation,
Is better then the Commons *Proteſtation*.
Truſt thoſe that at the teſt their lives will lay,
And know no Arts, but to *Diſerve*, and *Pray*:
Whilſt they, that buy preferment without praying,
Begin with *broyles*, and finiſh with *betraying*.

AN

UPON
An Unhandsome
GENTLEWOMAN,
who made Love unto him.

HAve I renounc't my faith, or basely sold
Salvation, and my loyalty for gold?
Have I some forreigne practice undertooke
By poyson, shott, sharp-knife, or sharper Booke
To kill my King? have I betrayd the State
To fire and fury, or some newer Fate,
Which learned Murderers, those Grand-Destinies,
The Jesuites, have nurc'd? if of all these
I guilty am, proceed; I am content

That *Mallet* take mee for my punishment.
For never sinne was of so high a rate,
But one nights hell with her might expiate.
Although the Law with *Garnet*, and the rest,
Dealt farr more mildly; hanging's but a iest
To this immortall torture. Had shee bin then
In *Maryes* torrid dayes engend'red, when
Cruelty was witty, and Invention free
Did live by blood, and thrive by crueltye,
Shee would have bin more horrid Engines farre
Then fire, or famine, racks, and halters are.
Whither her witt, forme, talke, smile, tire
I name,
Each is a stock of tyranny, and shame;
But for her breath, Spectatours come not nigh,
That layes about; God blesse the Company.
The man, in a beares skin baited to death,
Would chose the doggs much rather then her
breath;
One kisse of hers, and eighteene wordes alone
Put downe the *spanish Inquisition.*

Thrice

Thrice happy wee (quoth I thinking thereon)
That ſee no dayes of Perſecution;
For were it free to kill, this griſly elfe
Would Martyrs make in compaſs of herſelfe:
And were ſhee not prevented by our Prayer,
By this time ſhee corrupted had the Aire.
And am I innocent? and is it true,
That thing (which Poet *Plinye* never knew),
Nor *Africk*, *Nile*, nor ever *Hackluyts* eyes
Deſcry'd in all his *Eaſt*, *Weſt-voyages*;
That thing, which Poets were afrayd to feigne,
For feare her ſhadowe ſhould infect their braine;
This *Spouſe* of *Antichriſt*, and his alone,
Shee's dreſt ſo like the *Whore* of *Babylon*;)
Should doate on mee? as if they did contrive
The Devill and ſhe, to damne a man a live.
Why doth not *Walcome* rather purchaſe her,
And beare about this rare Familiar.
Sixe Markett dayes, a wake, and a Fayre too't
Would ſave his charges, and the Ale to boot.

Noe

No Tyger's like her; ſhee feedes upon a man
Worſe then a Tygreſſe, or a Leopard can.
Let mee go pray, and thinke upon ſome ſpell,
At once to bid the Devill and Her farwell.

A

CERTAINE POEME

As it was presented in Latine by Divines and Others, before his Majestye in Cambridge, by way of enterlude, stiled,

LIBER NOVUS DE ADVENTU REGIS AD CANTABRIGIAM,

faithfully done into English, with Some liberall additions.

IT is not yet a fortnight, since
Lutetia entertain'd our Prince,
And vented hath a studyed Toy,
As long as was the siege of *Troy*:
And spent her selfe for full five dayes
In *Speeches*, *Exercise*, and *Playes*.

To trim the towne great care before
Was tane by th' Lord *Vicechancellour*,
Both morne and Even he cleans'd the way,
The streetes he gravell'd thrice a day:
One strike of *march-dust* for to see,
No *Proverbe* would give more then hee.

Their

Their Colledges were new bepainted,
Their Founders eke, were new beſainted,
Nothing eſcap't; nor poſt, nor doore,
Nor gate, nor rayle, nor bawde, nor whore:
You could not know, oh ſtrange mithappe!
Whither you ſaw the *Torne*, or *Mappe*.

But the pure houſe of *Emanuel*
Would not be like proud *Iſabel*,
Nor ſhew her ſelfe before the King
An Hypocrite, or *painted* thing:
But, that the wayes might all prove faire,
Conceiv'd a tedious mile of Prayer.

Upon the look't for Seventh of *March*
Out went the Townſmen all in ſtarch,
Both Band and beard into the fielde;
Where one a Speech could hardly weeld:
For needes he would begin his ſtile,
The King being from him halfe a mile.

They

They gave the King a peece of Plate,
Which they hop'd neuer came too late;
But cry'd oh looke not in great King;
For there is in it iuſt nothing.
And ſo preferr'd, with tune and gate,
A Speech, as empty as their plate.

Now, as the King came neere the towne,
Each one ran crying up and downe,
Alas poore *Oxford* thou'rt undone
For now the King's paſt *Trompington*:
And rides upon his brave grey dapple,
Seeing the toppe of *Kings-Colledge* Chappell.

Next rode his Lordſhipp on a Nagg,
Whoſe coat was blew, whoſe ruff was ſhagg,
And then began his Reverence
To ſpeake moſt eloquent Non-ſenſe:
See how (quoth he) moſt mighty Prince,
For very ioy my horſe doth wince.

What

What cryes the towne? what wee? (ſay'd hee)
What cryes the Univerſity?
What cry the boyes? what ev'ry thing?
Behold, behold. yo'n comes the King:
And ev'ry period he bedecks
With *En & Ecce venit Rex.*

Oft have I war'nd (quoth he) our durt
That no ſilke ſtockins ſhould be hurt,
But, wee in vaine ſtrive to be fine,
Unleſſe your Graces Sun doth ſhine;
And, with the beames of your bright Eye,
You will be pleas'd our ſtreetes to dry.

Now come wee to the wonderment
Of *Chriſtendome*, and eke of *Kent*,
The *Trinity*; which, to ſurpaſſe,
Doth deck her ſpokeſman by a glaſſe:
Who, clad in gay and ſilken weedes,
Thus opes his mouth, harke how he ſpeedes.

I wonder

I wonder what your Grace doth here,
Who have expected beene twelue yeare;
And this your Sonne, faire *Carolus*,
That is ſoe *Iacobiſſimus*:
Here's none, of all, your Grace refuſes,
You are moſt wellcome to our Muſes.

Although wee have noe bells to iangle,
Yet can wee ſhew a faire Quadrangle,
Which, though it ne're was grac't with King,
Yet ſure it is a goodly thing.
My warning's ſhort, noe more I'le ſay;
Soone you ſhall ſee a gallant play.

But nothing was ſo much admir'd.
As were their Playes ſoe well attir'd,
Nothing did win more praiſe of mine
Then did their *Actors* moſt *Divine*:
So did they drinke their healths divinely,
So did they daunce, and ſkipp ſo finely.

Their playes had ſundry grave wiſe factors,
A perfect *Dioceſſe* of *Actors*;
Upon the ſtage for I am ſure that
There was both *Biſhopp*, *Paſtour*, *Curat*;
Nor was their labour light, or ſmall,
The *charge* of ſome, was *Paſtorall*.

Our Playes were certainly much worſe;
For they had a brave Hobby-horſe,
Which did preſent unto his Grace
A wondrous witty ambling pace:
But wee were chiefly ſpoyld by that
Which was ſix howres of *God knowes what*.

His Lordſhipp then was in a rage,
His Lordſhipp lay upon the ſtage,
His Lordſhipp cry'd all would bee marr'd,
His Lordſhipp lou'd alife the Guard:
And did invite thoſe MIGHTY MEN,
To what thinke you? even to a *hin*.

Mee

Hee knew, he was to uſe their might
To helpe to keepe the doore at Night,
And well beſtow'd he thought his hen,
That they might Tolebooth *Oxford* Men:
Hee thought it did become a Lord
To threaten with that Bugg-beare word.

Now paſſe wee to the *Civill* Law,
And eke the Doctors of the *Spaw*,
Who all perform'd their parts ſoe well:
Sr. *Edward Ratcliff* bore the bell,
Who was, by the Kings owne appointment,
To ſpeake of Spells, and Magick Ointment.

The Doctors of the Civill Law
Urg'd ne'ere a reaſon worth a ſtraw;
And, though they went in ſilk and ſatten,
They *Thomſon-like* clipp't the King's latine;
But yet his Grace did pardon then
All treaſons againſt *Priſcian*.

Here noe man ſpake ought to the point;
But all they ſayd was out of ioynt;
Juſt like the Chappell ominous
In th' Colledge called *God with us*:
Which truly doth ſtand much awry;
Juſt North and South, *yes verily*.

Philoſophers did well their parts,
Which prov'd them Maiſters of their Arts;
Their Moderatour was noe foole,
Hee farr from Cambridge kept a Schoole:
The Country did ſuch ſtore afford,
The Proctors might not ſpeake a word.

But to conclude, the King was pleas'd,
And of the Court the Towne was eaſd:
Yet *Oxford* though (deare Siſter) harke yet,
The King is gon but to *New-market*,
And comes againe ere it be long;
Then you may make an other ſong.

The

The King being gon from *Trinity*;
They make a ſcramble for Degree;
Maiſters of all ſorts, and all Ages,
Keepers, Subcizers, Lackeyes, Pages;
Who all did throng to come a board,
With *pray make mee* now, *good my Lord.*

They preſt his Lordſhipp wondrous hard,
His Lordſhipp then did want the Guard:
So did they throng him for the nonce,
Untill he bleſt them all at once,
And cry'd: *Hodiiſſime*:
Omnes Magiſtri eſtote.

Nor is this all which wee doe ſing,
For of your praiſe the world muſt ring.
Reader unto your tackling looke,
For there is comming forth a booke
Will ſpoile *Ioſeph Barneſius*
The ſale of *Rex Platonicus.*

ITER BOREALE.

FOure Clerkes of *Oxford* Doctours two, and two
That would be Docters, having leſſe to do
With *Auguſtine* then with *Galen* in vacation,
Chang'd ſtudyes, and turn'd bookes to recreation;
And on the tenth of Auguſt, Northward bent
A iourney, not ſo ſoon conceiv'd as ſpent.
The firſt halfe day they rode, they light upon
A noble Cleargy Hoſt, (1) *Kitt Middleton*;
Who numbring out good diſhes with good tales,
The maior part of cheere weigh'd downe the ſcales:
And though the *Countenance makes the feaſt* (ſay bookes)
Wee nere found *better* welcome with *worſe* lookes:
Here wee pay'd thankes and parted. And at night
Had entertainement all in one mans right

(1) *Aſhton on the walk Mr. Middletons benifice.*

At (1) *Flower* a Village: where our Tenant ſhee,
Sharp as a winters morning, feirce yet free,
With a leane viſage, like a carved face
On a Court cupboard; offer'd up the place:
Shee pleas'd us well, but yet her huſband better,
A (2) *harty fellow*, and a good Bone-ſetter.
Now whether it were *providence* or *lucke*,
Whether the keepers or the ſtealers bucke,
There wee had ve'nſon; ſuch, as *Virgill* ſlew
When he would feaſt *Æneas* and his crew:
Here wee conſum'd a day, and the third morne
To *Daintry* with a land-wind were wee borne.
It was the Market and the Lecture-day,
For Lecturers ſell ſermons, as the Lay
Doe ſheep and oxen; have their ſeaſons iuſt
For both their marketts: there wee dranke
downe duſt.
In th' *Interim* comes a moſt officious (3) Drudge,

(1) *Flower in North hampton-ſhire Dr. Huttons Benefice.* (2) *Ned Hale.* (3) *A Sergeant.*

His

His face and gowne drawne out with the same budge;
His pendant Pouch, which was both large and wide,
Lookt like a *Letters-Patent* by his side;
He was as awfull, as he had bin sent
From *Moses* with th' *Elev'nth* Commandement;
And one of us he sought, a sonne of *Flower*
He must bid stand, and challendge for an hower.
The Doctors both were quitted of that feare,
The one was hoarce, the other was not there;
Wherefore him of the two he seazed, best
Able to answere him of all the rest:
Because hee neede but ruminate that ore
Which he had chew'd the *Sabbath-day* before.
And though he were resolv'd to doe him right
For (1) Mr. *Balyes* sake, and Mr. *Wright*,
Yet he dissembled that the Mace did erre;
That he nor *Deacon* was, nor *Minister*:
No, quoth the Serieant, sure then by relation

(1) *The Ministers of Dainty.*

You have a *Licence*, Sir, or Toleration;
And if you have no *Orders* 'tis the better,
So you have (1) *Dods* Præcepts, or *Cleavers* Letter.
Thus looking on his Mace, and urging ſtill
Twas Mr. *Wrights* and Mr. *Bayleyes* will
That hee ſhonld mount; at laſt he condiſcended
To ſtopp the gapp; and ſo the treaty ended:
The ſermon pleas'd, and, when we were to dine,
Wee all had' Preachers wages, *Thankes* and *Wine*.
Our next dayes ſtage was (2) *Lutterworth*, a towne
Not willing to be noted or ſett downe
By any Traveller; for, when w'had bin
Through at both ends, wee could not finde an Inne:
Yet for the Church ſake turne and light wee muſt,
Heping to ſee one dramme of (3) *Wickliffe* duſt;
But wee found none: for underneath the Pole
Noe more reſts of his body, then his ſoule.
Abuſed Martyr! how haſt thou bin torne

(1) *Miniſters of Banbury.* (2) *Lutterworth in Leceſter ſhire.* (3) *Who lyes buried in the Pariſh Church.*

By

By two wilde factions? first the *Papiſte* burne
Thy bones for hate; the *Puritans* in zeale
They ſell thy marble and thy braſſe they ſteale.
A (1) Parſon mett us there, who had good ſtore
Of Livings, ſome ſay, but of manners more;
In whoſe ſtreight chearefull age a man might ſee
Well govern'd fortune, bounty wiſe and free:
He was our guide to *Leiſter*, ſave one mile,
There was his dwelling, where wee ſtay'd awhile,
And dranke ſtale beere, I thinke was never new,
Which the dumbe wench that brought it us, did brew.
And now wee are at *Leiſter* where wee ſhall
Leape ore ſix ſteeples, and one Hoſpitall
Twice told; But thoſe great Landmarkes I referr
To *Camdens* Eye, Englands *Chorographer*.
Let mee obſerve that Almeſmans heraldrye,
Who being aſk'd, what *Henry* that ſhould be
That was their founder, Duke of *Lancaſter*;
Anſwer'd: twas Iohn of *Gaunt*, I aſſure you Sir;

(1) *Parſon Heath cote.*

And

And ſo confuted all the walles which ſayd,
Henry of *Griſemond* this foundation layd.
The next thing to be noted was our cheere,
Enlarg'd, with *ſcav'ne and ſixpence* bread & beere;
But, oh you wretched Tapſters as you are,
Who reckon by our *number* not your *ware*,
And ſett falſe figures for all companyes,
Abuſing innocent meales, with oathes and lyes;
For beare your coosnage to *Divines* that come,
Leaſt they be thought to drinke up all your ſumme.
Spare not the *Lait'y* in your reckoning thus,
But ſure your theft is ſcandalous to us.
Away my Muſe from this baſe ſubiect, know
Thy *Pegaſus* nere ſtrooke his foote ſoe low.
Is not th' uſurping *Richard* buryed there,
That *King* of hate, and therefore *Slave* of feare;
Dragg'd from the fatall feild *Boſworth*, where hee
Loſt life, and, what he liv'd for; Cruelty?
Search, find his name? but there is none: Oh Kings!
Remember whence your power and vaſtneſſe ſprings;

If

If not as *Richard* now, ſo ſhall you bee;
Who hath no Tombe, but Scorne and memorye.
And though that (1) *Woolſey* from his ſtore might ſave
A (2) *Pallace*, or a *Colledge* for his grave,
Yet there he lyes interred, as if all
Of him to be remembred were his *Fall.*
Nothing but earth to earth, no pompeous waight
Upon him, but a pibble or a quaite.
If thou art thus neglected, what ſhall (3) *Wee*
Hope after death, who are but ſhreads of Thee.
Hold, *William* calls to horſe; *William* is hee,
Who, though he never ſaw threeſcore and three,
Ore-reckons us in age, as he before
In drink, and will baite nothing of foure ſcore:
And he commands, as if the warrant came
From the great Earle himſelfe of *Nottingham.*
There wee croſt *Trent*, and on the other ſide
Prayd to Saint *Andrew*, and up hill wee ride.

(1) *Cardinall Woolſey Buryed there.*
(2) *Whitehall & Chriſt-church.*
(3) *Students of Chriſt-church.*

Where

Where wee obſerv'd the cunning men, like moles,
Dwell not in [1] howſes, but were earth't in holes;
So did they not builde upwards, but digg thorough,
As *Hermits* caves, or conyes do their borough:
Great underminers ſure as any where;
Tis thought the *Powder-traitors* practis'd there.
Would you not thinke the men ſtood on their heads,
When Gardens cover howſes there, like leades?
And on the Chymneyes topp the mayd may know
Whether her pottage boyle or not, below;
There caſt in hearbes, and ſalt; or bread their meate,
Contented rather with the ſmo'ake then heate?
This was the Rocky-Pariſh; higher ſtood
Churches and houſes, buildings ſtone and wood;
Croſſes not yet demoliſh't; and our [2] *Ladye*
With her armes on, embracing her whole Baby.

[1] *The howſes in the rocke.*
[2] *Croſſes in Nottingham.*

*W*here

Where let us note, though thoſe are Northerne parts,
The *Croſſe* finds in them more then Southerne hearts.
The [1] Caſtle's next; but what ſhall I report
Of that which is a Ruine, was a Fort?
The Gates two ſtatues keepe, which [2] Gyants are,
To whome it ſeemes committed was the care
Of the whole downfall. If it be your fault,
If you are guilty; may King [3] *Davids* vault
Or [4] *Mortimers darke hole* containe you both;
A iuſt reward for ſo prophane a ſloth.
And if hereafter tidings ſhall be brought
Of any Place or Office to be bought,
And the left lead, or unbeg'd timber yet
Shall paſs by your conſent to purchaſe it;
May your deformed bulkes endure the edge

[1] *The Caſtle ruin'd.* [2] *Guy and Colebrand.* [3] *Where David King of the Scots was kept priſoner.* [4] *Which is with in the Caſtle.*

Of

Of axes, feele the beetle and the wedge:
May all the Ballads be call'd in and dye,
Which ſing the warrs of *Colebrand* aud Sr. *Guy*
Oh you, that doe *Guild-hall* and *Holmeby* keepe
Soe carefully, when both the Founders ſleepe,
You are good Giants, and partake no ſhame
With thoſe two worthleſſe Trunkes of *Nottinghame*:
Looke to your ſeverall charges; wee muſt goe,
Though greiv'd at heart to leave a Caſtle ſo.
The (1) *Bull head* is the word, and wee muſt eate;
Noe ſorrow can deſcend ſoe deepe as meate;
So to the Inne wee come; where our beſt cheere
Was, that his *Grace* of *Yorke* had lodged there;
Hee was obiected to us when wee call
Or diſlike ought; *my Lords Grace*, anſwers all:
Hee was contended with this bed, this dyett,
That keepes our diſcontended ſtomackes quiett.
The Inne-keeper was old, foureſcore allmoſt,
Indeede an *Embleme* rather then an *Hoſt*;
In whome wee read how God and Time decree

(1) *In Nottinghame.*

To honour thriving Oſtlers, ſuch as hee.
For in the ſtable firſt he did begin,
Now ſee hee is ſole Lord of the whole Inne;
Mark the encreaſe of ſtraw and hay, and how
By thrift, a *Bottle* may become a *mow*:
Marke him all you that haue the Golden Itch,
All whome god hath condemned to bee Rich.
Farwell glad father of thy daughter *Mara*,
Thou *Oſtler-Phœnix*, thy example rare is.
Wee are for *Newarke* after this ſad talke;
And whether tis noe Iourney, but a walke.
Nature is wanton there, and the High-way
Seem'd to be private, though it open lay;
As if ſome Swelling Lawyer for his health,
Or frantick Uſurer to tame his wealth,
Had choſen out ten miles by *Tent*, to trye
Two great effects of Art and Induſtry.
The ground wee trodd was Meddow, fertile Land,
New trimm'd and levell'd by the Mowers hand;
Aboue it grew a Roke, rude, ſteepe, and high,
Which claimes a kind of reverence from the Eye:

Betwixt them both there glides a lively Streame,
Not loude, but ſwift: *Mæander* was a theame
Crooked and rough; but had the Poetts ſeene
Straight, and euen *Trent*, it had immortall bin.
This ſide the open Plaine admitts the Sunne
To halfe the River, there did Silver runne:
The other halfe ran Clowdes; where the Curl'd wood
With his exalted head threaten'd the Floude.
Here could I wiſh us ever paſſing by
And never paſt; now *Newarke* is too nigh;
And as a Chriſtmas ſeemes a Day but ſhort,
Deluding time with revells and good ſport:
So did theſe beauteous mixtures us beguile,
And the whole *twelue*, being travail'd, ſeem'd a mile.
Now as the way was ſweet, ſoe was the end;
Our paſſage eaſy, and our prize a (1) *Friend*,
Whome there wee did enioy; and for whoſe ſake,
As for a purer kinde of coyne, men make

(1) *Dr. Lucks.*

Us liberall welcome; with ſuch harmony
As the whole Towne had bin his Family.
Mine Hoſt of the next Inne did not repine
That wee preferrd the *Heart*, and paſt his ſigne;
And where wee lay the Hoſt and th' Hoſteſſe faine
Would ſhew our loue was aym'd at, not their gaine:
The very Beggars were ſo ingenious,
They rather prayd for him, then begg'd of us.
And, ſoe the Drs. *Friends* will pleaſe to ſtay,
The Puritans will let the (1) *Organs*, play:
Would they pull downe the Gallery, builded new,
With the Church-wardens, Seat and *Burleigh-pew*,
Newarke, for light and beauty, might compare
With any Church, but what Cathedralls are.
To this belongs a (2) *Vicar*, who ſucceeded
The friend I mention'd, ſuch a One there needed;
A man whoſe Tongne and Life is eloquent,
Able to charme thoſe mutinous heads of *Trent*,
And urge the *Canon* home, when they conſpire
Againſt the Croſſe and Bells with ſwords & fire.

(1) *New-church.* (2) *Mr. Maſon.*

There ſtood a Caſtle too; they ſhew us here
The roome where the *King* ſlep't, the window where
He talk't with ſuch a Lord, how long he ſtaid
In his diſcourſe, and all, but what he ſaid.
From hence, without a Perſpective, wee ſee
Bever and *Lincolne*, where wee faine would bee;
But that our purſe and horſes both are bound
Within the circuite of a narrower ground.
Our purpoſe is all homeward, and twas time
At parting to have witt, as well as rime;
Full three a clock, and twenty miles to ride,
Will aske a ſpeedy horſe, and a ſure guide;
Wee wanted both: and *Loughborow* may glory,
Errour hath made it famous in our ſtory.
Twas night, and the ſwift Horſes of the Sunne
Two houres before our Jades their race had runn;
Noe Pilott moone, nor any ſuch kinde ſtarre
As governd thoſe wiſe Men, that came from farre
To holy *Bethlem*; ſuch lights had there bin,
They would haue Soone conway'd us to an Inne;

But

But all were wandring-ſtarrs: and wee, as they,
Were taught noe courſe but to ride on and ſtray.
When (oh the fate of darkneſſe who hath tride it)
Here our whole fleete is ſcatter'd and divided;
And now wee labour more to meete, then erſt
Wee did to lodge; the laſt cry drownes the firſt:
Our voyces are all ſpent, and they that follow
Can now no longer track us by the hollow;
They curſe the formoſt, wee the hind moſt, both
Accuſing with like paſſion, haſt, and ſloth.
At laſt upon a little Towne wee fall,
Where ſome call drinke, and ſome a Candle call;
Unhappy wee, ſuch ſtragglers as wee are
Admire a Candle oftner then a Starre:
Wee care not for thoſe glorious Lamps a looſe,
Give us a tallow-light and a dry rooſe.
And now wee have a guide wee ceaſe to chaſe,
And now w'have time to pray the reſt be ſafe:
Our guide before cryes come, and wee the while
Ride blindfold, and take bridges for a ſtile:
Till at the laſt wee overcame the darke,

And ſpight of Night and Errour hitt the marke.
Some halfe howre after enters the whole tayle,
As if they were committed to the Iayle;
The (1) Conſtable, that tooke them thus divided,
Made them ſeeme *apprehended*, and not *guilted*.
Where, when wee had our fortunes both deteſted,
Compaſſion made us friends, and ſo wee reſted.
Twas quickly morning, though by our ſhort ſtay
Wee could not find that wee had leſſe to pay;
All (2) Travellers this heavy Iudgement heare:
A handſome Hoſteſſe makes the Reckoning *dare*,
Her Smiles, her Wordes, your purſes muſt requite them,
And every *Welcome* from her, adds an *Item*.
Glad to be gon from thence at any rate,
For *Boſworth* wee are horſt, behold the ſtate
Of mortall men! foule Errour is a Mother,
And pregnant once doth ſoone bring forth an other:

(1) *Worme they had hired to direct them.*

(2) *Laughborow.*

Wee

Wee, who laſt night did learne to looſe our way,
Are perfect ſince, and farther our next day.
And in a (1) Forreſt having travell'd ſore,
Like wandring *Bevis* ere hee found the *Bore*;
Or as ſome love-ſick Lady oft hath donne,
Ere ſhee was reſcued by the *Knight of th' Sunne*:
Soe are wee loſt, and meete no comfort then
But Carts and horſes, wiſer then the Men.
Which is the way? they neyther ſpeake nor point;
Their tongues and fingers both were out of joynt:
Such Monſters by *Cole-herton* bankes there ſit,
After their reſurrection from the pitt.
Whilſt in this Mill wee labour and turne round
As in a Conjurers circle, *William* found
A meanes for our deliverance; Turne your Cloakes
Quoth hee, for *Puck* is buſy in theſe Oakes:
If ever wee at *Boſworth* will be found
Then turne your Cloakes, for this is *Fayry-ground*.
But, ere this witchcraft was perform'd, wee mette
A very man, who had no Cloven feete;

(1) *Leiſter Forreſt.*

Though *William*, ſtill of little faith, doth doubt
Tis *Robin*, or ſome Sprite that walkes a bout;
Strike him, quoth hee, and it will turne to ayre,
Croſſe your ſelves thrice and ſtrike it: ſtrike that dare
Thought I, for ſure this maſſy Forreſter
In ſtroakes will prove the better Coniurer.
But was a gentle Keeper, one that knew
Humanity, and manners where they grew:
And rode a long ſoe farr till he could ſay,
See yonder *Boſworth* ſtands, and this your way,
And now when wee had ſwett 'twixt Sunn and Sunn,
And *eight* miles long to *thirty* broad had ſpun;
Wee learne the iuſt proportion from hence
Of the Diameter and Circumference.
That night yet made amends; our meat and ſheetes
Were farr above the promiſe of thoſe ſtreetes;
Thoſe howſes, that were tilde with ſtraw and moſſe,
Proteſt but weake repaire for that dayes loſſe
Of patience: yet this Outſide lets us know,

The

The worthyeſt things make not the Braveſt ſhew:
The *ſhott* was eaſy, and what concernes us more
The *way* was ſo; mine Hoſt doth ride before.
Mine Hoſt was full of *Ale* and *Hiſtory*;
And on the morrow when hee brought us nigh
Where the (1) *two Roſes* ioyn'd, you would ſuppoſe.
Chaucer nere made the *Romant of the Roſe*:
Heare him. *See vee von Wood?* there *Richard* lay
With his whole Army: locke the other way,
And loe where *Richmond* in a bed of graſſe
Encampt himſelfe ore night, and all his Force:
Upon this hill they mett. Why he could tell
The inch where *Richmond* ſtood, where *Richard* fell:
Beſides what of his knowledge he can ſay,
He had Authenticke notice, from the Play;
Which I might gueſſe, by muſtring up the Ghoſts
And policyes not incident to Hoſts:
But cheifly by that one perſpicuous thing,
Where he miſtooke a Player, for a King.

(1) *Boſworth field.*

For when he would have ſayd, King *Richard* dyed,
And call'd, a horſe, a horſe; he, *Purbidge* cry'de.
How ere his talke, his company pleas'd well;
His *Mare* went *truer* then his *Chronicle*:
And even for conſcience ſake unſpurr'd, unbeaten;
Brought us ſix miles, and turn'd tayle at *Newcaſon*.
From thence, to *Coventry*, where wee ſcarcely dine;
Our ſtomackes only warm'd with zeale and wine:
And then as if wee were predeſtin'd forth,
Like *Lot* from *Sodome*, fly to *Killingworth*.
The Keeper of the Caſtle was from home,
Soe that halfe mile wee loſt; yet when wee come
An Hoſt receiv'd us there, wee'l nere deny him,
My Lord of *Leiſters* man; the Parſon by him:
Who had no other proofe to teſtify
He ſerv'd that Earle, but *Age* and *Baudery*.
Away for ſhame, why ſhould foure miles devide
Warwicke and us? they that haue horſes ride;
A ſhort mile from the towne, an humble (1) *Shrine*

(1) *Guyes Cliff.*

At

At foote of an high Rock consists, in signe
Of *Guy* and his devotions; who there stands
Ugly and huge, more then a man on's hands:
His helmett steele, his gorgett male, his theild
Brass, made the Chappell fearefull as a Feild.
And let this answere all the *Popes* complaints,
Wee sett up *Gyants* though wee pull downe *Saintes*.
Beyond this, in the roadway as wee went,
A Pillar stands, where this Colossus leant;
Where he would sigh and loue, and for hearts ease
Of times write verses (some say) such as these.

Here will I languish in this silly Bower
Whilst my true Love triumphes in yon high Tower

No other hinderance now but wee way passe
Cleare to our Inne; Oh there an Hostesse was,
To whome the *Castle* and the *dun-Cow* are
Sights after dinner, shee is morning ware.
Her whole Behaviour borrowed was, and mixt,
Halfe foole, halfe puppet, and her pace betwixt
Measure and Iigge; her court'sy was an honour;
Her gate, as if her Neighbour had out-gon her.

Shee

Shee was barrd up in whale-bones which doe leese
None of the whales length; for they reach her knees:
Off with her head, and then shee hath a middle:
As her waſt ſtands, ſhee lookes like the new-Fiddle,
The favorite *Theorbo* (truth to tell yee)
Whoſe neck and throat are deeper, then the belly.
Have you ſeene Monkyes Chain'd about the Loynes,
Or pottle-pots with rings, iuſt ſoe ſhee ioynes
Her ſelfe together: A dreſſing ſhee doth love
In a *ſmall Print* below, and *Text* aboue.
What though her name be *King*, yet tis noe treaſon,
Nor breach of ſtatute, for to aſke the reaſon
Of her brancht Ruffe, a Cubit every Pole:
I ſeeme to wound her, but ſhee ſtrook the ſtroke
At our departure; and our worſhipps there
Pay'd for our Tittles deare as any where:
Though Beadles and Profeſſors both haue done,
Yet every Inne claimes Augmentation.

Pleaſe

Pleaſe you walke out and ſee the (1) Caſtle? come,
The owner ſaith it is a Schollers home;
A place of ſtrength and health; in the ſame Fort,
You would conceive a Caſtle and a Court.
The Orchards, Gardens, Rivers, and the Aire,
Doe with the Trenches, Rampires, Walls compare:
It ſeemes nor Art nor Force can intercept it,
As if a Lover built, a Souldier kept it.
Up to the Tower, though it be ſteepe and high,
Wee doe not climbe but walke; and though the eye
Seeme to be weary, yet our feet are ſtill
In the ſame Poſture cozen'd up the hill:
And thus the workemans Art deceaves our ſence,
Making thoſe Rounds of pleaſure a Defence.
As wee deſcend, the (2) *Lord of all this* frame
The honorable *Chancellour* towards us came,
Above the hill there blew a gentle breath,
Yet now wee ſee a gentler gale beneath:
The praiſe and welcome of this Knight did make

(1) *Warwick Caſtle.* (2) *Sr. Fulke Grevil.*

The

The ſeat more elegant; every word he ſpake
Was wine and Muſick, which he did expoſe
To us, if all our Art could cenſure thoſe.
With him there was a (1) *Prelate*, by his place
Arch-deacon to the Byſhopp, by his face
A greater man; for that, did counterfeit
Lord Abbot of ſome *Covent* ſtanding yet,
A corpulent Relique: maery and tis ſinne
Some *Puritan* gets not his face *call'd in*;
Amongſt Leane Brethren it may Scandall bring,
Who ſeeke for parity in every thing.
For us, let him enioy all that God ſends,
Plenty of Fleſh, of Livings, and of Freinds.
Imagine here us ambling downe the ſtreet,
Circling in *Flower*, making both ends meet:
Where wee fare well foure dayes, and did complain,
Like harveſt folkes, of weather and the raine:
And on the feaſt of *Bartholomew* wee try

(1) *Arch-deacon Burton.*

What

What Revells that Saint keepes at [1] *Banbury*.
In th' name of God Amen, firſt to begin,
The *Altar* was tranſlated to an *Inne*;
Wee lodged in a Chappell by the ſigne,
But in a banquerupt Taverne by the *Wine*:
Beſides our horſes uſage made us thinke
Twas ſtill a *Church*, [2] for they in *Coffins* drinke
As if twere congruous that the Ancients lye
Cloſe by thoſe Alters in whoſe faith they dye.
Now yee beleeve the *Church* hath good varietye
Of Monuments, when *Inns* haue ſuch ſatiety;
But nothing leſſe: ther's no *Inſcription* there,
But the *Church-wardens names* of the laſt yeare:
Inſtead of Saints in *Windowes* and on *Walls*,
Here Bucketts hang, and there a Cobweb falls:
Would you not ſweare they loue Antiquity,
Who ruſh the Quire for perpetuity?
Whilſt all the other pauement and the floore
Are ſupplicants to the Surveyors power

[1] *Banbury at the ſigne of the Alter-ſtone.*
[2] *Which ſerve for troughs in the backſide.*

Of

Of the high wayes, that he would gravell keepe;
For elſe in Winter ſure it will bee deepe.
If not for Gods, for Mr *Wheatlys* ſake
Levell the walkes; ſuppoſe theſe Pittfalls make
Him ſpraine a Lecture, or miſplace a ioynt
In his long Prayer, or his Fiveteenth point:
Thinke you the Dawes or Stares can ſett him right?
Surely this ſinne upon your heads muſt light,
And ſay, Beloved, what unchriſtian charme
Is this? you have not left a Legg, or Arme
Of an Apoſtle: think you, were they whole,
That they would riſe, at leaſt aſſume a Soule?
I ſt not? tis plaine; All the Idolatry
Lyes in your folly, not th' Imagery.
Tis well the Pinnacles are ſalne in twaine;
For now the Divell, ſhould he tempt againe,
Hath noe advantage of a place ſoe high;
Fooles hee can dash you from your *Gallery*
Where all your Medly meete; and doe compare,
Not what you learne, but who is longeſt there;

The

The *Puritan*, the *Anabaptiſt*, *Browniſt*,
Like a grand ſallet: Tinkers, what a towne iſt?
The Croſſes alſo-, like old ſtumps of trees,
Are ſtooles for horſemen that haue feeble knees;
Carry noe heads aboue ground: They which tell,
That *Chriſt* hath nere deſcended into Hell,
But to the Graue, his Picture buried haue
In a far deeper dungeon then a Graue:
That is deſcended to endure what paines
The Divell can think, or ſuch Diſciples braines.
No more my greife, in ſuch prophane abuſes
Good *Whipps* make better *Verſes*, then the *Muſes*:
Away and looke not back, away whilſt yet
The Church is ſtanding, whilſt the benefit
Of ſeeing it remaines; ere long you ſhall
Haue that rac't downe, and cal'd *Apocryphal*
And in ſome Barne heare cited many an Author,
Kate Stubbs, *Anne Askew*, or the Ladyes *daughter*;
Which ſhall be urg'd for Fathers. Stopp diſdaine
When *Oxford* once appeares, *Satyre* refraine.
Neighbours how hath our anger thus out gon's?

Is not *Saint Giles's* this, and that *Saint Iohns*?
Wee are return'd but iuſt with ſoe much ore
As *Rawleigh* from his Voyage, and noe more.

Non recito cuiquam niſi amicũ, idque coactus,
Non ubivis, coramve quibuſlibet.

Hor. Ser. 1. Sat. 4.

TO THE NEW-BORNE PRINCE, Upon the Apparition of a Starr, and the following Ecclypse.

WAs Heav'ne afray'd to be out-done on Earth
When Thou wert borne Great Prince, that it brought forth
Another light to helpe the aged Sunn,
Left by Thy luſter he might be Out-ſhone?
Or were th'obſequious Starres ſo joy'd to view
Thee, that they thought their Countleſſe Eyes to few
For ſuch an obiect; and would needes create
A better Influence to attend thy State?
Or would the Fates thereby ſhew to the Earth
A Cæſars Birth, as once a Cæſars Death?

And was't that newes that made pale Cynthia run
In ſo great haſt to intercept the Sunn;
And enviouſly, ſo ſhee might gaine Thy ſight,
Would darken him from whome ſhee had her light?
Myſterious prodigies yet ſure they bee,
Prognoſticks of a rare proſperity:
For can thy Life promiſe leſſe good to men,
Whoſe Birth was th' Envy, and the Care of Heav'ne.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE YOUNG PRINCE CHARLES.

WHen private Men gett ſonnes they get a ſpoone,
Without Ecclypſe, or any Starr at noone:
When Kings gett ſonnes, they get withall ſupplyes
And ſuccours, farr beyond all Subſedyes.
Wellcome Gods Loane, thou Tribute to the ſtate,
Thou Mony newly coyn'd, thou Fleete of Plate;
Thrice happy Childe; whome God thy Father ſent
To make him rich without a Parliament.

THE DISTRACTED PURITANE,

AM I madd, o noble Feſtus,
When zeale and godly knowledge
Haue put mee in hope
To deale with the Pope,
As well as the beſt in the Colledge?
Boldly I preach, hate a Croſſe, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rotchets:
Come heare mee pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crotchets.

In the howſe of pure Emanuel
I had my Education;
Where my friends furmiſe
I dazeld mine Eyes,
With the Light of Revelation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound mee like a Bedlam,
They laſh't my foure poore quarters;
Whilſt this I endure
Faith makes mee ſure
To be One of Foxes Martyrs.
Boldly I preach, &c.

Theſe iniuryes I ſuffer
Through Anti-Chriſts perſwaſions:
Take of this Chaine,
Neither Rome nor Spaine
Can reſiſt my ſtrong invaſions.
Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the Beaſts ten hornes (God bleſſe us)
I haue knock't of three allready:
If they let mee alone,
I'le leaue him none;
But they ſay I am too heady.
Boldly I preach, &c.

When

When I ſack'd the Seaven-hilld Citty
I mett the great redd Dragon:
I kept him aloofe
With the armour of proofe,
Though here I haue never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery Sword and Targett
There fought I with this monſter:
But the ſonnes of pride
My zeale deride,
And all my deedes miſconſter.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I unhorſt the whore of Babel
With a Launce of Inſpirations:
I made her ſtinke,
And ſpill her drinck
In the Cupp of Abominations.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I haue ſeene two in a Viſion,
With a Flying Booke betweene them;
I haue bin in diſpaire
Fiue times a yeare,
And cur'd by reading Greenham.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I obſerv'd in Perkins Tables
The black Lines of Damnation:
Thoſe crooked veines
Soe ſtruck in my braines,
That I fear'd my Reprobation
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Chanaan
I plac'd my chiefeſt pleaſure:
Till I prickt my foote
With an Hebrew roote,
That I bledd beyond all meaſure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd

I appear'd before the Arch-Bishopp,
And all the high Commission:
I gaue him noe Grace,
But told him to his face
That he favour'd Superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a Crosse, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rotchets:
Come heare mee pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crotchets.

UPON

UPON FAIREFORD WINDOWES.

TEll mee, you Anti-Saintes, why braſſe
With you is ſhorter liv'd then glaſſe?
And why the Saintes haue ſcap't their falls
Better from Windowes, then from Walles?
Is it, becauſe the Brethrens fires
Maintaine a Glaſs-houſe at Blackfryars?
Next which the Church ſtands North and South,
And Eaſt and Weſt the Preachers mouth.
Or is't, becauſe ſuch painted ware
Reſembles ſomething that you are,
Soe py'de, ſoe ſeeming, ſoe unſound
In manners, and in doctrine, found,
That, out of Emblematick witt,

You

You ſpare your ſelves in ſparing it?
If it be ſoe, then Faireford boaſt
Thy Church hath kept, what all haue loſt;
And is preſerved from the bane
Of either warr, or Puritane:
Whoſe life is colour'd in thy paint,
The Inſide droſſe, the Outſide Saint.

IN QUENDAM ANNIVERSARIORUM SCRIPTOREM.

Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros.

EVen soe dead *Hector* thrice was triumph'd on
The Walls of *Troy*, thrice slaine when fate had done:
So did the barbarous *Greekes* before their Hoast
Torment his ashes, and profane his ghoast:
As *Henryes* vault, his *Peace*, his Sacred *Hearse*,
Are torne and batter'd by thine Anniverse.
Was't not enough *Nature* and *strength* were foes,
But thou must yearly *murther* him in Prose?
Or do'st thou thinke thy raving phrase can make
A lowder Eccho then the Almanake?
Trust mee, November doth more ghastly looke

In

In Dade and Hoptons pennyworth, then thy booke:
And sadder record their sixt figure beares,
Then thy false-printed and ambitious teares.
For were it not for Christmas, which is nigh,
When spice, fruit-eaten, and digested pye,
Call for wast paper; noe man could make shift,
How to imploy thy writings to his thrift.
Wherefore forbeare for pitty, or for shame,
And let some richer pen redeeme his fame
From rottennesse, Thou leaue him captive; since
Soe vile a Prise ne're ransom'd such a Prince.

IN POETAM EXAUCTORATUM ET EMERITUM.

NOr is it griev'd (*graue youth*) the memory
Of ſuch a Story, ſuch a Booke as *Hee*,
That ſuch a Coppy through the world were read,
Henry yet liues, Though he be buried.
It could be with'd, that every Eye might beare
His eare good witneſſe that he ſtill were here;
That ſorrow rul'd the yeare, and by that Sunne
Each man could tell you how the day had runne:
O 'twere an honeſt boaſt, for him could ſay,
I haue bin buſy, and wept out the day
Remembring him. An Epitaph would laſt,
Were ſuch a trophee, ſuch a banner plac't
Upon His Coarſe as this; *Here a man lyes*
Was ſlaine by Henryes *dart, not Deſtinyes.*

Why this were medicinable, & would heale;
Though the whole languiſh't, halfe the common-weale.
But for a *Cobler* to goe burne his Capp,
And cry, the *Prince*, the *Prince*, ô dire milhappe!
Or a *Geneva-bridegroome*, after grace,
To throw his Spouſe ith' fire; or ſcratch her face
To th' tune of th' *lamentation*; or delay
His *Friday* Capon till the *Sabbath* day:
Or an old *Popiſh-Lady* halfe vow-dead,
To faſt away the day in *Ginger-bread*:
For him to write ſuch Annalls; all theſe things
Doe open *laughters*, & ſhutt up *griefes* ſprings.
Tell mee, what iuſter, or more congruous *Peare*,
Then *Ale*, to iudge of workes begott of *Beere*.
Wherefore forbeare or, if thou print the next,
Bring *Better* Notes, or take a *Meaner* Text.

ON CHRIST-CHURCH PLAY AT WOODSTOCK.

IF wee, at *Woodſtock*, haue not pleaſed thoſe,
Whoſe clamorous Iudgments lye in urging *no'es*,
And, for the want of *whifflers*, haue deſtroy'd
Th'Applauſe, which wee with *vizards* hadd enioy'd,
Wee are not ſorry; for ſuch witts as theſe
Libell our *Windowes* oftner, then our *Playes*;
Or, if Their patience be moov'd, whoſe Lipps
Deſerve the knowledge of the Proctorſhips,
Or iudge by houſes, as their howſes goe,
Not caring if their cauſe be good or noe;
Nor by deſert, or fortune can be drawne
To credit us, for feare they looſe their pawne;
Wee are not greatly ſorry: but if any,

Free from the Yoake of the ingaged many;
That dare ſpeake truth even when their *Head* ſtands, by
Or when the *Seniors* ſpoone is in the *pye*;
Nor to commend the worthy will forbeare,
Though he of *Cambridge*, or of *Chriſtchurch* were,
And not of his owne colledge; and willſhame
To wrong the Perſon, for his Howſe, or Name;
If any ſuch be greiv'd, then downe proud ſpirit;
If not, know, *Number* never conquer'd *Merit*.

TO THE LADYES OF THE NEW DRESSE,

That weare their Gorgets & Rayles downe to their waſtes.

LAdyes, that weare *black* cipreſs-vailes
Turn'd lately to *white* linnen-rayles,
And to your girdle weare your bands,
And Shew your *armes* inſtead of *hands*;
What can you doe in *Lent* ſo meet,
As fitteſt dreſs, to *weare a ſheet*?
T'was once a *band*, 'tis now a *cloake*,
An acorne one day proues an oke:
Weare but your linnen to your feet,
And then your *band* will proue a *ſheet*.

By which deviſe, & wiſe exceſſe,
You'l doe your penance in a dreſſe;
And none ſhall know, by what they ſee,
Which Lady's *cenſur'd*, & which *free*.

TO

TO THE GHOST OF ROBERT WISDOME.

THOu, once a *Body*, now, but *Aire*,
Arch-botcher of a *Pſalme* or *Prayer*
From *Carfax* come;
And patch mee up a zealous *Lay*,
With an old *Ever* and for *Ay*,
Or, *All* and *Some*.
Or ſuch a Spirit lend mee,
That may a *Hymne* downe ſend mee,
To purge my braine:
So *Robert* looke behind thee,
Leaſt *Turke* and *Pope* doe finde thee,
And goe to bed againe.

A POEME

Upon TOM CORIATTS, Crudities; in Commendation of the Author, and Woike.

I doe not wonder *Coryate*, that thou haſt
Ouer the *Alpes*, through *France* & *Sauoy paſt*,
Parcht on thy Skinn, and fonndred in thy feete,
Fainte, Thirſty, Lowzy, & didſt liue to ſee't.
Though theſe are *Roman-ſuffernigs*, and doe ſhowe,
What creatures back, thou hadſt, could carry ſoe.
All I admyre is thy returne, and how
Thy Slender poſterns could thee beare, when now
Thy obſervations whith thy braine engendered
Haue ſtuft thy maſſy & volluminous heade
Whith *Mountaines, Abbyes, Churches, Synagogues,*
Preputiall offals, & *Dutch Dialogues*:
A Burthen farr more grevious then the weight

Of *Wyne* or *Sleepe*, more vexinge then the freight
Of fruite & oysters, which lade many a Pate,
And send folkes crying home from Billingsgate;
Noe more shall *man whush mortar on hn head*
Set forwards towards *Rome*: noe thou art bred
A terror to all footmen, And all Porters,
And all Lay-men that will turn Iewe-exhorters,
To flye theire conquered trade proude *England* then.

Embrace this (1) *luggage* which the *man of men*,
Hath landed heere & change thy *Well-day*
Into some home Spun: Welcome *Rounde lay*;
Send of this stuffe, thy territoryes thorough
To *Ireland*, *Wales*, & Scottish *Eatenborough*,
There let this booke bee read & understood,
Where is no Theam nor Writer, halfe soe good.

(1) *Tom Coriats booke.*

A

PROPER NEW

BALLAD

INTITULED

The FAERYES FAREWELL:
OR GOD-A-MERCY WILL:

To be ſung or whiſtled to the Tune of the Meddow Brow
by the Learned; by the vn Learned;
To the Tune of FORTVNE.

FArewell Rewards & *Faeries*
Good Houſwives now may ſay
For now foule Slutts in Daries
Doe fare as well as they
And though they ſweepe theyr Hearths no leſs
Then Maydes were wont to doe
Yet who of late for Cleanelineſs
Finds *ſixe-pence* in her Shoe?

Lament,

Lament, lament old Abbies
The *Faries* loſt Command
They did but change Prieſts *Babies*
But ſome have changd your *Land.*
And all your Children ſprung from thence
Are now growne *Puritanes:*
Who live as *Changelings* ever ſince
For love of your Demaines.

At Morning & at Evening both
You merry were & glad
So little Care of Sleepe or Sloth
Theſe Prettie ladies had
When *Tom* came home from labour
Or *Ciſs* to Milking Roſe
Then merrily, merrily went theyre Tabor
And nimbly went theyre Toes.

Wittneſs

Wittneſs thoſe Rings & Roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine
Were footed in Queene *Maries* dayes
On many a Graſſy Playne
But ſince of late *Elizabeth*
And later *Imes* came in
They never daunc'd on any heath
As *when the Time hath bin.*

By which wee note the *Faries*
Were of the old Profeſſion
Theyre Songs were *Ave Maryes*
Theyre Daunces were *Proceſſion*
But now a las they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the Seas
Or Farther for Religion fled
Or elce they take theyre Eaſe.

A Tell-

A Tell-tale in theyre Company
They never could endure
And whoe ſo kept not ſecretly
Theyre Mirth was puniſht ſure
It was a juſt & Chriſtian Deed
To pinch ſuch blacke & blew
O how the Common welth doth want
Such Juſtices as you.

Now they have left our Quarters
A *Regiſter* they have
Who looketh to theyre Charters
A Man both *Wiſe* & *Grave*
An hundred of theyre merry Prancks
By one that I could name
Are kept in Store conn twenty Thanks
To *William*, for the ſame.

I marvell

I marvell who his Cloake would turne
When *Puck* had led him round
Or where thoſe Walking Fires would burne
Where *Cureton* would be found
How *Broker* would appeare to be
For whom this Age doth mourne
But that theyre Spritts live in Thee
In Thee, old *William Chourne.*

To *William Chourne* of Stafford Shire
Give Laud & Prayſes due
Who every Meale can mend your Cheare
With Tales both old & true,
To *William* all give Audience
And pray yee for his Noddle
For all the *Faries* Evidence
Were loſt, If that were Addle.

AN EXHORTATION

To Mr. John Hammon *minister in the parish of* Bewdly, *for the battering downe of the* Vanityes *of the* Gentiles, *which are comprehended in a* May-pole; *written by a* Zealous Brother *from the* Black-fryers.

THe mighty *Zeale* which thou hast new put on,
Neither by *Prophet* nor by *Prophets sonne*
As yet prevented, doth transport mee so
Beyond my selfe, that, though I ne're could go
Farr in a verse, and all *Rithmes* haue defy'd
Since *Hopkins*, and old *Thomas Sternhold* dy'de,
(Except it were that little paines I tooke
To please good people in a *prayer-booke*
That I'sett forth, or so) yet must I raise
My Spirit for thee, who shall in thy praise
Gird up her Loynes, and furiously run

All kinde of *feet*, saue Satans *cloven one*.
Such is thy *zeale*, so well dost thou expresse it,
That, (wer't not like a *Charme*,) I'de say, *Christ*
blesse it.

I needs must say 'tis a *Spirituall*, thing
To raile against a *Bishopp*, or the *King*;
Nor are they meane adventures wee haue bin in,
About the wearing of the Churches *linnen*;
But these were *private* quarrells: this doth fall
Within the Compass of the *generall.*
Whether it be a Pole *painted*, and *wrought*
Farr otherwise, then from the wood 'twas brought,
Whose head the Idoll-makers hand doth croppe,
Where a lew'd *Bird*, towring upon the topp,
Lookes like the *Calfe at Horeb*; at whose roote
The unyoak't youth doth exercise his foote;
Or whether it reserve his boughes, befreinded
By neighb'ring bushes, and by them attended:
How canst thou chuse but seeing it complaine,
That *Baalls* worship't in the *Groves* againe?
Tell mee how curst an egging, what a sting

Of

Of Luſt do their unwildy daunces bring?
The ſimple wretches ſay they meane no harme,
They doe not, ſurely; but their actions warme
Our purer blouds the more: for Sathan thus
Tempts us the more, that are more Righteous.
Oft hath a *Brother* moſt ſincerely gon,
Stifled in *Prayer* and *contemplation*,
When lighting on the place where ſuch repaire,
He viewes the Nimphes, and is quite out in's prayer.

Oft hath a *Sifter*, grownded in the truth,
Seeing the iolly carriage of the youth,
Bin tempted to the *way* that's *broad* and bad;
And (wert not for our private pleaſures) had
Renounc't her *little ruffe*, and *goggle Eye*,
And quitt her ſelfe of the? *Fraternity*.
What is the mirth, what is the melody
That ſetts them in this *Gentiles* vanity?
When in our Sinagogue wee rayle at ſinne,
And tell men of the faults which they are in,
With hand and voice ſo following our theames,

That wee put out the ſide-men from their dreames.
Sounds not the *Pulpett*, which wee then be labour
Better, and *holyer*, then doth the *Tabour*?
Yet, ſuch is *unregenerate mans* folly,
Hee loves the *wicked* noyſe, and hates the *Holy*.
Routes, and wilde pleaſures doe invite temptation,
And this is dangerous for our damnation;
Wee muſt not *moue our ſelves*, but, if w'are mov'd,
Man is but man; and therefore thoſe that lov'd
Still to ſeeme *good*, would evermore diſpence
With their *owne* faults, ſo they gaue no *offence*.
If the times ſweete entiſing, and the blood
That now begins to boyle, haue thought it good
To challenge Liberty and Recreation,
Let it be done in *Holy contemplation*:
Brothers and *Sifters* in the feilds may walke;
Beginning of the *holy worde* to talke,
Of *David* and *Vriahs* Lovely wife,
Of *Thamar*, and her luſtfull Brothers ſtrife;
Then, underneath the hedge that woes them next,
They may *ſitt downe*, and there *Act* out the *Text*.

Nor

Nor do wee want, how ere wee liue austeere;
In Winter *Sabbath-nights* our lusty cheere;
And though the *Pastors* Grace, which oft doth hold
Halfe an howre long, make the prouision cold,
Wee can be merry; thinking't nere the worse
To mend the matter at the *second course*.
Chapters are *Read*, and *hymnes* are sweetly *sung*,
Ioyntly commanded by the *nose*, and *tongue*;
Then on the worde wee diuersly dilate,
Wrangling indeed for heat of *zeale*, not *hate*:
When at the length an unappeased doubt
Feircely *comes in*, and then the light *goes out*,
Darkness thus workes our peace, and wee containe
Our fyery spiritts till wee see againe.
Till then, no voice is heard, no tongne doth goe,
Except a *tender* Sister *shreike*, or so.
Such should be our Delights, *grave* and *demure*,
Not so *abominable*, not so *impure*
As those thou seek'st to hinder, but I feare
Satan will bee *too strong*; his *kingdomes*, here;
Few are the *righteous* now, nor do I know;

How wee ſhall ere this *Idoll* overthrow,
Since our ſincereſt *Patron* is decea'ſt
The number of the *Righteous* is decreaſt.
But wee do hope theſe times will on, and breed
A Faction *mighty* for us; for indeede
Wee labour all, and every *Siſter* ioynes
To haue *Regenerate Babes* ſpring from our Loynes:
Beſides, what many carefully haue done,
Getting the *unrighteous* man, a *righteous* ſonne.
Then ſtoutly on, let not thy Flock range lewdly
In their old Vanity, thou Lampe of *Bewdly*.
One thing I pray thee, do not too much thirſt
After *Idolatries* laſt Fall; but firſt
Follow this ſuite more cloſe, let it not goe
Till it be thine as thou would'ſt haue't: for ſoe
Thy Succeſſors, upon the ſame entayle,
Hereafter, may take up the *Whittjon-Ale*.

AN

AN ELEGY Upon the death of Queene ANNE.

NOe; not a quatch sad Poets; doubt you,
There's not greife enough without you?
Or that it will aſswage ill newes,
To ſay, *Shee's* dead, that was your *Muſe*?
Ioine not with Death to make theſe Times
More grievous, then moſt Grievous Rimes.
And if't be poſſible, Deare Eyes
The famous Univerſityes,
If both your Eyes bee Matches, Sleepe;
Or, if you will be Loyall, weepe:
For-beare the preſs, Theres none will looke
Before the Mart for a new booke.

Why ſhould you tell the world what witts
Grow at *New-parkes*, or *Campus-pitts*?
Or what conceipts Youth, ſtumble on,
Taking the ayre towards *Trumpington*?
Nor you graue *Tutours*, who doe temper
Your Long and Short with *Que* and *Semper*;
O doe not, when your owne are done,
Make for my Ladyes eldeſt Sonne
Verſes, which he will turne to Proſe,
When he ſhall read what you compoſe.
Nor for an Epithite that failes,
Bite of your unpoëticke Nailes.
Uniuſt: why ſhould you in theſe vaines,
Puniſh your *Fingers* for your *Braines*?

Know henceforth, that griefes vitall part
Conſiſts in Nature, not in Art:
And Verſes that are *Studied*,
Mourne for *themſelves*, not for the *dead*.

Heark, the Queenes Epitaph ſhall bee,
Noe other then her Pedigree:
For lines in Bloud cutt out are ſtronger

Then

Then lines in Marble, and laſt longer.
And ſuch a verſe ſhall never fade,
That is *Begotten*, and not *made*.
Her Father, Brother, Huſband, Kinges;
Royall relations: from her ſpringes
A Prince and Princeſſe; and from thoſe
Faire certaintyes, and rich hope growes.
Here's Poetry ſhall be ſecure,
While *Britaine*, *Denmarke Rheine* endure:
Enough on Earth; what purchaſe higher,
Saue Heaven to perfect her deſire.
And as a ſtraying *Starr* intic't,
And governd thoſe *wiſe-men* to *Chriſt*:
Ev'n ſoe a Herauld-*Starr* this yeare
Did Beckon to Her to appeare.
A Starr which did not to our *Nation*
Portend her *Death*, but her *Tranſlation*:
For when ſuch Harbingers are ſeene,
God crownes a *Saint* not kills a *Queene*.

AN ELEGIE

Upon the death of the Lady HADDINGTON who dyed of the ſmall Pox.

DEare Loſſe, to tell the world I greiue were true,
But that were to lament my *ſelfe*, not *you*;
That were to cry out helpe for my affaires,
For which nor publick thought, nor private cares:
No, when thy fate I publiſh amongſt men,
I ſhould haue *power*, and write with the *States* pen:
I ſhould in naming Thee force publicke teares,
And bid their Eyes pay ranſome for their Eares.
Firſt thy whole Life was a ſhort Feaſt of witt,
And Death th' Attendant which did waite on it:

To

To both Mankind doth owe devotion ample,
To that their *first*, to this their *laſt* example.
And though 'twere praiſe enough (whith them whoſe *Fame*
And *Vertue*, 's nothing but an Ample *Name*)
That thou were highly borne, (which no man doubtes)
And ſo mightſt ſwath *Baſe* Deedes in *Noble* Cloutes;
Yet Thou thy ſelfe in Titles didſt not ſhroud,
And being *Noble*, waſt nor *Foole*, nor *Proud*,
And when thy Youth was ripe, when now the ſuite
Of all the longing Court was for Thy fruit,
How wiſely didſt thou chooſe; foure bleſſed Eyes,
The Kings and Thine, had taught thee to be wiſe.
Did not the Beſt of men Thee Virgin giue
Into His handes, by which himſelfe did liue?
Nor didſt thou *two yeares* after talke of Force,
Or, *Lady-like*, make ſuit for a *Divorce*:
Who, when their owne wilde Luſt is falſely ſpent,
Cry out *my Lord, my Lord is impotent.*
Nor haſt thou in his nuptiall armes enioy'd

Barren

Barren imbraces, but were *girl'd* and *boy'd*:
Twice-pretty-ones thrice worthier were their youth
Might shee but bring them up, that brought them forth.
Shee would haue taught them by a thousand straines;
Her Bloud runns in their *Manners*, not their *Veines*,
That Glory is a Lye; state a graue Sport;
And Country *Sickneſſe*, aboue *health* at Court.
Oh what a want of her loose Gallants haue,
Since shee hath chang'd her *Window* for a *Graue*;
From whence shee us'd to dart out witt so fast,
And stick them in their Coaches as they past?
Who now shall make well-coulour'd vice looke pale?
Or a curl'd Meteor with her Eyes exhale,
And talke him into nothing? who shall dare
Tell barren braines they dwell in fertill haire?
Who now shall keepe ould *Counteſſes* in awe,
And by tart *Similyes*, repentance draw

From

From thoſe, whome *Preachers* had given ore? even ſuch
Whome *Sermons* could not reach, her *Arrowes* touch.
Hereafter *Fooles* ſhall proſper with applauſe,
And wiſe men ſmile, and no man aske the cauſe:
Hee of *foureſcore*, three *night capps*, and two *haires*,
Shall marry her of *twenty*, and get Heyres,
Which ſhall be thought *his owne*; and none ſhall ſay,
But, tis a wondrous *bleſſing*, and he may.
Now (which is more then pitty) many a Knight,
Which can doe *more* then quarrell, *leſs* then fight,
Shall chooſe his weapons, ground; draw Seconds thither,
Put up his ſword, and not be laught at neyther.
Oh thou deform'd un woeman-like Diſeaſe,
That plowſt up fleſh and bloud, & there ſow'ſt peaſe
And leav'ſt ſuch printes on Beauty, that doſt come
As *clouted ſhoon* do on a floore of lome;
Thou that of faces hony-combes doſt make,
And of two breaſts, two cullenders, forſake
Thy deadly trade; thou now art rich, giue ore,

And

And let our Curſes call thee forth no more.
Or, if thou needs will magnify thy power,
Goe where thou art invoked every houre
Amongſt the *Gamſters*, where they name thee thicke
At the laſt maine, or the laſt pocky nicke.
Get thee a Lodging neare thy Clyent, *Dice*,
There thou ſhalt practice on more then one vice.
There's wherewithall to entertaine the *Pox*,
There's more then *reaſon*, there's *rime* for't, the Box.
Thou who haſt ſuch ſuperfluous ſtore of game,
Why ſtruckſt thou one whoſe ruine is thy ſhame?
O, thou haſt *murdred* where thou ſhouldſt haue *kiſt*;
And, where thy ſhaft was needfull, there it miſt.
Thou ſhouldſt haue choſen out ſome homely face,
Where thy ill-favour'd kindneſſe might adde grace,
That men might ſay, how beauteous once was ſhee;
Or, what a peece, ere ſhee was ſeaz'd by Thee?
Thou ſhouldſt haue wrought on ſome ſuch Ladyes mould
That ne're did loue her Lord, nor ever could

Vntill

Untill ſhee were deform'd, thy tyranny
Were then within the rules of charity.
But upon one whoſe beauty was a boue
All ſort of art, whoſe loue was more then loue,
On her to fix thy ugly counterfett,
Was to erect a Pyramide of Jett;
And put out fire to digg a turfe from hell,
And place it where a gentle Soule ſhould dwell.
A Soule which in the Body would not ſtay,
When twas noe more a body, nor good clay,
But a huge Ulcer. O thou heav'nly race,
Thou Soule that ſhunn'ſt th' infection of thy caſe,
Thy houſe, thy priſon, Pure Soule, ſpotleſs, faire,
Reſt where no *Heat*, no *Cold*, no compounds are:
Reſt in that country and inioy that eaſe,
Which thy frayle fleſh deny'de, and her diſeaſe.

ON

ON THE
LADY ARABELLA.

HOw doe I thanke thee Death, & bleſſe thy power,
That I haue paſt the Guard, and ſcap'd the Tower:
And now my *Pardon* is my *Epitaph*,
And a ſmall coffin my poore Carkaſſe hath.
For at thy charge both ſoule and body were
Enlarg'd at laſt, ſecur'd from hope and feare.
That amongſt *Saintes*, this amongſt *Kings* is lay'd,
And what my *Birth* did claime, my *Death* hath payd.

An ELEGIE *written upon the death,*

Of Dr. RAVIS Bilhop of LONDON.

WHen I paſt *Paules*, and travell'd in that walke
Where all our *Britaine-Sinners* ſweare and talke;
Ould *Harry-ruffians*, Bankerupts, Southſayers,
And youth, whoſe couſenage is as ould, as theirs;
And then beheld the Body of my Lord,
Trodd under foote by vice that he abhorr'd:
It wounded mee the Landlord of all times
Should let long liues, and leaſes to their crimes,
And to his ſpringing Honour did afford
Scarce ſoe much time as to the Prophets gourd.
Yet ſince ſwift flightes of vertue haue apt ends,
Like breath of Angells, which a bleſſing ſends
And vaniſheth withall; whilſt fouler deedes,
Expect a teadious harveſt for bad ſeedes:
I blame not Fame and Nature if they gaue
Where they could giue noe more, their laſt, a Grave.
And wiſely doe thy greiued Freinds forbeare

Bubbles, and *Alablaſter-Boyes* to reare
On thy religious duſt: for men did know
Thy life, which ſuch *Illuſions* cannot ſhow
For thou haſt trod among thoſe happy Ones,
Who truſt not in their Superſcriptions,
Their hired Epitaphs, and periur'd ſtone,
Which oft be lyes the Soule when ſhee is gon;
And durſt committ thy body as it lyes
To Tongues of living men, nay unborne Eyes.
What profitts thee a ſheete of lead? what good
If on thy coarſe a marble quarry ſtood?
Let thoſe that feare their Riſing, purchaſe vaults,
And reare them ſtatues to excuſe their faults:
As if, like Birds that peck at painted Grapes,
The Iudge knew not their *perſons*, from their *ſhapes*.
Whilſt Thou aſſured, through thy eaſyer duſt,
Shalt riſe at firſt, they would not though they muſt.
Nor needes the (1) *Chancelour* boaſt, whoſe Pyramis
Aboue the *Houſe* and *Alter* reared is:
For though thy body fill a viler roome,
Thou ſhalt not chāge *Deedes* with him for his *Tombe*,

(1) *The Lord Chancellour Hattons Tombe in the Quire.*

AN

AN ELEGIE

Upon the death of his owne Father.

VIncent *Corbet*, farther knowne
By *Poynters* name, then by his owne,
Here lyes ingaged till the Day
Of raising bones, and quickning clay.
Nor wonder, Reader, that he hath
Two Surnames in his Epitaph,
For this one did comprehend
All that two Familyes could lend.
And if to know more Arts then any
Could multiply one into many,
Here a *Colony* lyes, then
Both of *qualityes*, and *men*.
Yeares he liv'd well nigh fourscore,
But count his vertues he liv'd more;

And number him by doeing good,
He liv'd their age, beyond the Flood.
Should wee undertake his Story,
Truth would seeme *fain'd*, and *plainesse*, *glory:*
Beside this Tablet were to small,
Add to the pillers and the wall.
Yet of this Volume much is found,
Written in many a fertill ground;
Where the Printer thee affords,
Earth for paper, Trees for words.
He was natures Factour here,
And Legier lay for every Sheire.
To supply the ingenious wants
Of some sprung fruites, and forraigne plants.
Simple he was, and wise withall;
His purse nor base, nor prodigall;
Poorer in substance, then in freinds;
Future and publicke were his endes;
His conscience, like his dyett, such
As neither tooke, nor left too much:
Soe that made Lawes were useless growne

To

To him, he needed but his owne.
Did he his Neighbours bid, like thoſe
That feaſt them only to encloſe?
Or with their roſt meate racke their rents,
And cozen them with their conſents?
Noe; the free meetings at his boord
Did but one litterall ſence afforde;
Noe *Cloſe* or *Akre* underſtood,
But only *loue* and *neighbourhood*.
Beſides his fame, his goods, his life,
He left a greiv'd Sonne, and a wife.
Straunge Sorrow, not to be beleiv'd,
When the Sonne and Heire, is greiv'd.
Reade then, and *mourne*, what ere thou art
That dooſt hope to haue a part
In heneſt Epitaphs, leaſt being dead,
Thy life bee *written*, and not *read*.

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